

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS • EDITORS • AND • PUBLISHERS •

THE Quill

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By Paul Hutchinson

When Dillinger Died!

By L. A. Brophy

Rhythm of the Land

By Ben Hibbs

Vol. XXII « » SEPTEMBER, 1934 « » No. 9

THE QUILL

A Magazine for Writers, Editors and Publishers

FOUNDED 1912

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THE QUILL, a monthly magazine devoted to journalism, is owned and published by Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, which was founded at DePauw University, April 17, 1909. Material appearing in the magazine may be reprinted provided that credit is given to THE QUILL.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Five years, \$7.50; one year, \$2.00; single copies, 25 cents.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Fulton, Mo., under the act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in par. 4, sec. 412, F. L. & R.

AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

WE'RE not going to have very much to say in this column this month—we're going to let some of our readers take it over.

But first, just these few words in regard to the surprise that is in store for you next month. The next issue of THE QUILL, the October number, will be the Silver Anniversary edition, marking the twenty-fifth anniversary of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, owner and publisher of THE QUILL, and the Silver Anniversary Convention at De Pauw University.

It will be an issue we believe you will want to preserve indefinitely, one of which both the Editors and you will be proud. But we will let it speak for itself. Just be sure that you receive it.

This issue contains two remarkable articles, one by Paul Hutchinson, managing editor of the *Christian Century*, and the other by Ben Hibbs, associate editor of the *Country Gentleman*. There is also an interesting article by L. A. Brophy, central division news editor for the *Associated Press*.

NOW for some comment from QUILL readers in regard to the challenging article, "Changing News Values in a Fumbling World," by J. Charles Poe, managing editor of the *Chattanooga News*, which appeared in the August issue.

Said Leif Larson, of Fairview, Mont.:

"Sooner or later each month THE QUILL gets down to me, and in every issue I find much of benefit. But this month I read the best article I have ever seen on the relation of the newspaperman to the world—'Changing News Values in a Fumbling World,' by J. Charles Poe."

"There is a crying need, which few hear, for things to be said now just as Mr. Poe has said, and I want to congratulate you for publishing this article as well as some others similar to it.

"I also want to congratulate you on your courageous stand in regard to the Tugwell Bill which would have started to clean up advertising."

From John De Vine, in Aurora, W. Va., came this observation:

"J. Charles Poe's article, 'Changing News Values in a Fumbling World' is one of the best pieces I've read in any magazine in a long time. It should be made required reading for those reactionary newspaper publishers who

(Continued on page 11)

STORM CLOUDS

On the Newspaper Horizon

WE have been precipitated into a period of change. It is as yet too early for us to determine with any confidence what detailed forms of change await us. But we all have a feeling that in basic and far-reaching ways the conditions of our political and social existence are to be altered.

Some greet this with joy; some look upon it as the prospect of a dark and terrifying fate. But however we may differ in our judgments, we are one in this—that we sense the passing of an old order and the necessity for finding our feet under conditions that our fathers never knew and that we ourselves, up to the present, have never had to deal with.

Out of this general feeling of change there comes nationally a pervasive sense of insecurity. Who can be sure that his investments made under the old order, whether in property or in life, will continue to pay dividends in the new?

WE already have seen tens of thousands of persons displaced from their accustomed occupation by technological advances. We are informed that there are today in this country in the neighborhood of 10,000,000 men out of work, and that it is probable that at least half of them will never again find employment in the occupations from which they previously drew their livelihoods.

If we take into account their dependents, that means there are between 15,000,000 and 20,000,000 people whose bread winners will have to find some new occupation if they are not to become permanently recipients of charity in one form or another.

Now I do not mean to intimate that the journalist is facing an economic crisis in any such form as this. I believe that there will be newspapers and that they will employ large numbers of workers certainly for as long as you and I

By **PAUL HUTCHINSON**

Managing Editor, the *Christian Century*

live. Technological changes we will undoubtedly see, just as we have already seen the displacement of the old-time hand compositor and the old-time telegrapher. But the real issue we face is as to the social basis on which the newspaper is to be conducted.

The real test that we have to meet is as to whether we can produce an instrument—for the newspaper is a social instrument—calculated to serve a vital need in a new sort of society. This knowledge that we are rapidly approaching that test—a knowledge that I think we all have even though some of us try to hide it from ourselves—lies at the bottom of this mood of insecurity, and even to some extent fear, which characterizes the American newspaper world today.

Surely there is more heart-searching among us than there was a few years ago. Surely there is a greater readiness to consider the possibility of making changes. Surely there is a greater eagerness to discover ways of doing our work which carry within them the prospect of giving to that work a new social authority.

Therefore, it seems to me that this mood of insecurity, this haunting undertone of fear, is not in itself to be

regarded as something to be deplored but as the first promise of a notable advance, a socially memorable development.

THE question that I want to present first is this: What lies ahead for our physical investment, yours and mine, and what lies ahead for our jobs?

I speak accordingly to the newspaper proprietor, to the man who has placed his money in a newspaper property, who hopes to extract from that investment a livelihood, an adequate financial security for his old age, and in many cases an estate for his children. Has that man made a good investment? In what ways is that investment endangered? In what ways can it be protected?

I speak likewise to the working journalist, to the man who may have acquired no newspaper property, but who has put his life and his talents into this line of work. What lies ahead for him? What are the chances that his job will continue? And what are chances that at the end he will have the satisfaction of looking back to a job well done and containing sufficient social value to give him a satisfying measure of self-respect?

And I speak of course to the young men who may contemplate investing their lives in the world of journalism. What prospects lie before them? How can the motives of public service and self-expression which are held up before them in our journalism schools be translated into action?

LAST month The Quill presented a searching article on newspapers, news values and the times—"Changing News Values in a Fumbling World," by J. Charles Poe, managing editor of the *Chattanooga News*. It aroused wide comment—as we expected it would.

This month, the Editors take pleasure in presenting another article of the same type—a searching, challenging, outspoken discussion of newspapers and their place in these tangled times—by Paul Hutchinson, managing editor of the *Christian Century*. We expect that it will meet with the same appreciative response from thoughtful newspapermen that Mr. Poe's did.

Mr. Hutchinson needs no introduction to a great bulk of those engaged in journalism. He has been managing editor of the *Christian Century* since February 1, 1924; has written a number of books and magazine articles; was editor of the *China Christian Advocate* in Shanghai from 1916 to 1921, and is a forceful speaker.

LET me say first of all that I presume that the prospects of change are fewer in the case of the small-town paper than elsewhere. The men who produce papers in our smaller communities have to deal with a homogeneous population, living on a plane of intimacy and interest in local affairs which does not immediately reflect the im-

pact of national and world events.

To be sure, the small-town newspaper does not escape the effect of these forces. When the dislocation of foreign markets ruins the price level for wheat or hogs, the small-town newspaper proprietor is likely to feel that he suffers more quickly and in proportion more severely from a financial standpoint than does his fellow proprietor in the large city.

But I am thinking primarily of the editorial matter which goes to make the newspaper a successful social agent, and it does not seem to me that society in the small town is likely soon to be affected in such a way as to make discussion of the overhauling of the small-town paper's content necessary at the present time.

There are, of course, good small-town papers and poor small-town papers. And there is always value in discussing means by which the poor ones can be brought closer to the model of the good ones. But it seems to me that the master pattern of the paper of this type is still beyond need of any radical revision.

For that reason, I am going to treat almost entirely in terms of the daily newspaper as we know it in the larger cities. What are some of the storm clouds that are gathering on the horizon of the city newspaper? There are many ways in which one might try to answer this question.

I could deal with many technical aspects of newspaper work which seem to me to be greatly in need of reconsideration if not alteration. But I prefer to do something which I feel is somewhat more fundamental, even if it may sound for the moment somewhat general. I prefer to approach this question from the standpoint of the social situation rather than from that of newspaper practice. And by so approaching it, I want to suggest that the American daily newspaper faces a crisis compounded of the fact that it has to sell itself to a community composed of bewildered personalities, disillusioned personalities, and awakened person-

alities. And it is the relation of the newspaper to these three types of personalities that I want to discuss.

TO what extent does the newspaper realize the bewilderment of the people who read it?

There appeared last fall a novel by a young Austrian, called "Karl and the Twentieth Century." I have found it one of the most thought-provoking books of recent years. It is simply a picture of the life of a boy, Karl Lakner, born in Vienna in 1893, who

and economical. And he thus shows a man, ambitious, talented, and of exactly the sort that the old copy books assured us would win success, completely baffled by his environment.

Karl is constantly wrestling with forces that he cannot possibly comprehend, much less control. The world has become far too big, too intricate, and too dangerous for him to live in it either safely or in comfort. It defeats him at every turn. And finally, as I have said, it destroys him.

WE are living in a world of Karls. About three years ago, some ironic genius put out a book which many of you will remember under the title "Oh Yeah." It was nothing but a collection of the prophecies and promises made by leading political and industrial leaders of the nation together with the cold recital of now well-known facts which were sufficient to prove how absolutely and abysmally wrong these men had been in their judgment.

But if it is true that our leaders have shown over and over again during these past few years that they do not understand what is going on in the world and therefore cannot prophesy what is going to happen or guard against events which we all desire to avoid, how much more must it be true that the ordinary man in the street, the man who makes up the bulk of the newspaper circulation, is bewildered.

It seems to me fair to say that the business of the newspaper is to provide its reader with a dependable and comprehensible picture of the world in which he is living. There is an implied contract in every sale of every newspaper. When the reader hands over his two or three cents, as the case may be, to the newspaper publisher he does so with the implied understanding that the publisher will in return make it possible for him to see clearly at least the face of the world as it exists on the day that transaction takes place.

This newspaper reader wants that

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

THE American newspaper faces a crisis compounded of the fact that it has to sell itself to a community composed of bewildered personalities, disillusioned personalities, and awakened personalities."

♦ ♦ ♦

JOURNALISM, in some way, must restore its dignity as a vocation in order to be considered as a social agency worthy of life by your disillusioned portion of the modern public. As the matter stands now, its subordinates are regarded as trifling poseurs who dance on strings that are jerked from headquarters and its leaders are regarded as primarily intent on making a personal profit no matter from what unsocial or antisocial source that profit may come."

♦ ♦ ♦

MAKE no mistake about this. If the suspicion as to the good faith of the newspaper and its subservience to selfish interests continues to grow at the rate at which it has been growing in the last few years, its chances for survival will be small indeed."

♦ ♦ ♦

IN recent years two great illusions have taken possession of our press. The first is the belief that the newspaper is read by people with children's minds. The second is the belief that these persons are looking primarily for entertainment. I am convinced that if in producing our newspapers we persist in proceeding on the basis of these two ideas we will land straight on the dump heap where we belong."

passed through the public schools of that city, was drawn into the hurricane of the World War, distinguished himself in action, but after his return from the war, failed to find a job that would provide him with a living wage. Finally, after experiencing the bitter vicissitudes of life in post-war Vienna, he committed suicide in 1933.

The thing which distinguishes this novel from many others in its attempt to interpret the realities of the contemporary world, is the effort which the author makes to place every small event in the life of his hero, Karl Lakner, against the background of great world developments, both political

understanding of the contemporary world. He wants it desperately. He wants it more than he has ever wanted it in past years. He is not only confused; he is bewildered. He wants to know why markets on which his livelihood depended have disappeared and whether those markets will ever exist again. Or by what means those markets can be regained. He wants to know why these rumbles of approaching war fill the air and whether they mean that his nation is in danger of becoming involved in another conflict; or whether his son or perhaps he himself may be in danger of being called on to lay down his life on some foreign battle field.

He knows that he cannot roam the world to find these things out for himself. Therefore in his mood of bewilderment, he turns to the newspaper. Now I ask you in all frankness, is the newspaper seriously tackling the job of dealing with the bewilderment of this type of man? Does the press represent, day after day, a serious and a balanced effort to paint the picture of the world as it is, and to make that picture comprehensible to its readers?

I do not believe that it does. And I do not believe that it is aware of the extent to which it is creating disappointment and resentment by its failure in this regard. There is a tradition which controls many editorial offices, that the reader is interested only in local affairs and that he gives only grudging attention, if any attention at all, to accounts of events which take place far outside his immediate community.

YOU know newspapers that are edited on that basis. As a result they consist of a hodgepodge of local stories blown up, in many instances, to give them a false importance. Where there is so heavy a discrimination against material from outside the local vicinity, one might almost think that the world was bounded by county lines.

There are exceptions. Honorable exceptions. But the exceptions are scarce enough to attract attention. I read sometime ago a reference to the newspaper having the largest circulation of any daily in this country which told how frequently an entire issue will not contain more than two items of foreign news. Now many publishers will pounce on that fact as in itself justification for the practice and refutation of the point I am trying to make. If a newspaper containing only two items of foreign news holds the largest circulation in the country, they will say, does this not prove that the public is not interested in foreign news, does not want foreign news, and

will give its support to a press which does not bother it with foreign news? I consider that an extremely short-sighted view.

Your thoughtful citizen—and by that I by no means refer to the citizen with a large amount of formal education, for I find the industrial workers, the farmers, and others who have spent only a few years in classrooms are thinking as much or more—your thoughtful citizen is beginning to realize that there is no longer any such thing as a local matter. Or perhaps I should put it the other way and say that today *everything* is a local matter. The announcement by the spokesman of the Japanese Foreign Office that Japan intended to close the open door in China was by no means an event eight thousand miles distant from the wheat grower of Dakota or the cotton planter of Alabama. It is possible that that announcement may prove to have been the one thing which will affect the well-being of the man in Dakota or the man in Alabama more than any other thing which appears in the press this year.

Thought is always a difficult process and an unwelcome process for most of us, but we have come to a point in world history where we are beginning to see that we must think if we are to survive. Increasing numbers of us are thinking, or it might be better if I said are seeking for chances to think. It is these who look to the newspaper to find the material on which to exercise their minds and if they do not find this material—if the world as it is pictured in the papers is still a petty lit-

tle parochial world in which no vast forces are at work and through which no great winds sweep—they turn away feeling that the paper itself is little and petty and parochial, and therefore of no great account.

BUT this problem of the bewildered man cannot be solved by simply presenting a range of news drawn from all parts of the earth. As a matter of fact, it is probable that this reader's bewilderment will be increased if the newspaper gives him no more than a deluge of unrelated and uninterpreted items drawn from outside the boundaries of his own previous experience.

I often wonder, for instance, what the average newspaper reader makes of dispatches from China. There has been a good deal of fighting in China in the last few years and it seems probable that there will continue to be more there in the future. The newspaper with its sense of drama involved in conflict has therefore printed a much larger amount of Chinese news than it did a few years ago. But has this increase made intelligible to the average American citizen the progress of affairs in the Far East? Has it materially helped him to understand why responsible leaders are now saying that if the United States becomes involved in another war it is likely to be over Far-Eastern questions? I seriously doubt it.

I think that for most Americans the sight of another dispatch from the Orient with its unfamiliar and unpronounceable names and its technical diplomatic jargon is a discouragement rather than an aid to understanding.

What is the trouble? The trouble is that the spot news dispatch, no matter how well done (and the American news services now have a foreign staff of extraordinarily high caliber at work in practically every capital and news center of the globe) the spot news dispatch simply does not deal with the problem of the bewildered reader.

SOME new technique must be worked out. We cannot rely on the editorial page to make the news columns intelligible. For one thing, the editorial page always operates a day in the rear of the news columns, and for another thing, its purpose is entirely different. What we need is some method by which news of a technical or unfamiliar character is accompanied by explanatory material sufficiently authoritative and sufficiently simple to set the immediate report in its proper relation to what has gone before, to what is going on now, and to what may follow.

It will be objected that this would require an entirely new technique of

Sigma Delta Chi Convention Dates

SIGMA DELTA CHI, professional journalistic fraternity, will observe its twenty-fifth birthday at the Silver Anniversary Convention to be held October 19, 20 and 21 at De Pauw University.

Plans for the convention, which is to be an outstanding event in the fraternity's history, are rapidly nearing completion.

Full details concerning the convention, articles treating of the origin and development of the fraternity, the past 25 years of journalism, the future, and current topics will be contained in the unusually large Silver Anniversary edition of *The Quill*, to appear early in October.

daily journalism and a considerable addition to the newspaper's expense of operation. But that is no answer at all. If it is impossible for the newspaper to do this thing, then it cannot do the only thing which would justify its continued existence in our changing social order. I believe that it can do this thing. I believe that there are resources available in men to work out a new technique of interpretive reporting of the sort we so desperately need. And I believe that when this was done the cost could be spread around among newspapers in such a way as not to make it an undue burden on any of them.

Here and there one sees sporadic experiments along the lines I have suggested, but nothing in any way commensurate with the need. The first storm cloud on the horizon of the newspaper, therefore, which I would point out, is a reader who, turning to the newspaper for a knowledge and understanding of the world in which he lives, finds himself more confused when he gets through reading than he was when he started. And to such journalists as may have doubts regarding the existence of this bewildered reader and his eagerness to find something that will lessen his bewilderment, may I point out the sensational success of such a journalistic experiment as the interpretive news weekly *Time*?

THE second group to be found in our changing society which the newspaper needs to take into account is made up of what I have called the disillusioned. Perhaps this group is not as large as the group composed of the bewildered, but I think that it is an

even more serious problem from the standpoint of the newspaper.

This is so because the members of the disillusioned group are disillusioned with regard to the newspaper as such. I think we are all still far from comprehending the extent of the public reaction to the propaganda spread during the World War. It is a commonplace idea that the printed page is habitually used by those who control it to make readers believe that black is white and white black.

Certainly the revelations since the war have done nothing to lessen this cynical attitude. There are few citizens who could give you a full account of what the Federal Trade Commission has discovered with regard to the publicity methods employed by the utilities corporations. But there are thousands and probably millions who will tell you that those investigations showed that the private utilities companies both bought up newspapers, secured the publication of material favorable to their cause in other journals, subsidized the writing of textbooks, and in general made the printing press the means of keeping the country from knowing the truth with regard to the power industry.

Now I do not wish to enter into an argument as to the extent to which this idea is justified. All I want to do is to point out the fact that it exists and the fact that it is growing. For instance, the determination with which most of the press fought against measures such as the so-called Tugwell Bill for the control of the advertising of cosmetics, drugs, and food—the bills for the control of the stock and commodity exchanges, and for revision of the securities law, sets that

down as evidence that the press is far more concerned over the interests of the gentlemen who manufacture beauty creams, consumption cures and weight reducers, or who peddle Peruvian bonds or handle marginal transactions in RCA stocks, than it is in those who use such medicinal or cosmetic junk (not to paint the picture even blacker than that) or who get cleaned out in La Salle and Wall Streets.

A lot of things have been happening under the pressure of the depression that are contributing to this same end. There has been a return to the editorialized news story which would have been pronounced impossible a few years ago. The result is that vast numbers of people now say with regard to any matter which any paper prints dealing with political, financial and social issues, that it is sufficient to discover the dominant financial interests behind that paper in order to know what it will print and why.

Has it ever occurred to you that the success of a syndicate writer like Westbrook Pegler owed much to the fact that he continually treats with the acid of his cynicism—a cynicism, alas, born out of a long experience—the pretensions to disinterestedness and honest dealing on the part of most of the institutions of society? But do not fail to notice that Mr. Pegler is quite as cynical when he talks about the moral pretension of the newspapers as he is when he is talking about the prize fight promoter or the Congressman.

I could develop this theme at almost any length, but I think that I have said enough to make clear the point I have in mind.

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Montana Wins Efficiency Contest

The University of Montana Chapter of Sigma Delta Chi has been announced as the winner of the 1932-33 Chapter Efficiency Contest with a total of 93 points of a possible 96. Montana's victory entitles it to rank as the best all-around chapter in point of professional program, efficient national relations, businesslike handling of funds and records and excellent character of membership.

Judges were First Vice-President John E. Stempel, of the *New York Sun*; Executive Councillor George A. Brandenburg, Chicago correspondent of *Editor & Publisher*, and Past President Charles E. Snyder, editor of the *Chicago Daily Drovers Journal*.

The ten highest ranking chapters and their scores were: 1. Montana, 93; 2. Indiana, 91½; 3. Northwestern, 90; 4. Wisconsin, 89½; 5. and 6. Marquette and Oregon, tied, 87; 7. Iowa State, 84½; 8. Penn

State, 83; 9. Ohio University, 78; and 10. Butler, 76½.

The award for 1933-34 will be returned to normal schedule, according to present plans. Delegates to the Silver Anniversary Convention will bring their entries with them for judging and award of the Beckman loving cup at Greencastle, the scene of the convention. The dates of the convention have been definitely moved ahead from mid-November to October 19 to 21, inclusive, in order to take advantage of reduced railroad fares for the World's Fair and also to avoid the closing stages of the national congressional elections and resultant busy schedules of editorial members.

The Professional Achievement Award of the fraternity, not bestowed for two years, will be revived under new sponsorship this year.

The winning chapter for 1934 will be

selected at the Silver Anniversary Convention and will be the first to gain a leg on the new mahogany, silver and bronze plaque donated by Past President Kenneth C. Hogate, president of the *Wall Street Journal*. The award will be known as the Kenneth C. Hogate Achievement Award and will go permanently to the chapter winning it three times.

The basis of the award is the per cent of graduating seniors of the last five years who have entered editorial journalism after graduation. It is intended to stimulate careful selection of members by undergraduate chapters and to emphasize the professional character of Sigma Delta Chi.

The award was sponsored originally by Prof. Lawrence W. Murphy, director of the University of Illinois School of Journalism.

When Dillinger Died!

This Is How One Press Association Bureau Office Went About Covering the Story

By L. A. BROPHY

Central Division, News Editor,
The Associated Press

THROUGH the sultry heat of Sunday night, July 22, bursting like a cascade of fireworks in the Chicago office of the Associated Press, came the flash:

"Dillinger's Dead!"

It was over the City News Association telephone from the organization's beat man on the Sheffield police station.

John Dillinger was dead. John Dillinger, the most storied outlaw of modern times; the bank buccaneer; the wooden-pistol-escape artist; the man whose name and deeds had ripped across front pages of the world's newspapers for months—here was the biggest story in years.

Where was he killed? How? When? And the answers to those questions shot the gear shift of the Chicago AP organization into high speed and the Lord help those who couldn't hang on around the curves and down the hills.

PREPAREDNESS beforehand; then, when the story breaks, organization, speed in writing and accuracy in the telling—such are the essentials of efficient coverage of the big news by a press association bureau.

Dillinger, surprise on his surgically remolded face, fell before the ready revolvers of government men at 10:40 p. m. Just four minutes later, a bulletin went out over the Associated Press wires. And then the copy did move, it cascaded.

The Chicago AP was ready for Dillinger's death. Within the space of a few minutes, a 2,000-word background story of his life and his crimes was moving. Within less than a half hour, nearly 1,000 words of spot material had gone out, in addition to the preparedness. Staff men were at the Biograph Theatre, where Dillinger died; another was at the Cook County morgue, and all the staff remaining in the office was working on the story.

Dillinger's death had been antici-

pated. All correspondents in the Middle West had been notified weeks ahead by the Chicago AP to be on the alert. In the city editor's desk were yards of background and history of Dillinger and his exploits.

J. L. Mack, now a member of the New York AP staff, was on the desk when the flash came. C. G. Douglass, regular night manager, reports at 1:00 p. m. on Sundays and leaves at 9:00 p. m. Those also are the hours of the regular night city editor, R. S. Kleck-

ner. G. L. Findley was on the city desk.

Findley, who started his newspaper work in down-state Illinois, put out the first bulletin. W. E. Walton, who had joined the Chicago AP staff after a turn at legislative coverage in Springfield, was dispatched to the morgue. He got his baptism of fire that night. Sports Writer W. A. Weekes was put on the east filing desk by Mack, who phoned the writer, Chicago's news editor of the AP, and Kleckner. The latter was under a shower, but he dived into his clothes and was at Alexian Brothers Hospital, where the body was taken, at 11:25 p. m. I, in suburban Evanston, had just retired. I dressed and drove to the office, arriving there about 11:45 p. m., stopping on the way down at the house of W. J. Conway, staff writer, but learned that he was at the World's Fair and left word for him to come to the office immediately. Conway got there about 12:30 a. m.

He "Broke a Leg" on Story

WHEN big stories break—there's plenty of action in press association bureau offices—and newspaper offices as well. Here, briefly told, is how the Chicago bureau of the Associated Press went to work on the death of Dillinger.

L. A. Brophy, news editor of the central division of the AP, with offices in Chicago, tells the story. Mr. Brophy, who joined the Associated Press in Columbus, O., is the man who did such a splendid job of covering the Shenandoah disaster in the foothills of the Alleghenies in Eastern Ohio.

He literally, physically, actually "broke a leg" in covering that story. He later was presented with a cane, the ferule of which, suitably engraved, was from the metal work of the stricken airship.

Brophy was transferred from Columbus to Chicago as state mail director and subsequently feature editor of the Chicago office. He then was placed in charge of the Washington feature staff. He was named news editor at Chicago in 1930.

FROM then on it was merely a question of feeding copy to the wires. Conway was given the assignment of writing the evening paper lead, while Early Manager J. A. Rawlings mapped out the evening paper coverage, which began to move about 2:00 a. m.

It may be significant to note that the Associated Press was checked 22 minutes ahead of one opposition service on the flash and that the Associated Press photographs were the only ones on the first plane reaching New York from Chicago after the shooting. Photo Editor J. W. Crayhon happened to be in the office when the flash came and within the space of a few minutes had organized the entire photo staff on the story.

Big stories that break like a flash present problems that are not always easy of solution. Often the most telling work can be done by intelligent reporters using the telephone. The

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RHYTHM OF THE LAND

By BEN HIBBS

Associate Editor, the Country Gentleman

PROBABLY you never have heard of lespedeza. You wouldn't make its acquaintance on the city hall beat or the telegraph desk. And if, on one of your Sunday motor excursions, you should see it growing along the roadside, you likely would catalogue it as just another weed.

But lespedeza—or perhaps I should say the family of lespedezas—is rapidly revolutionizing agricultural practice throughout a considerable portion of this country.

And thereby hangs the tale of a single-handed journalistic campaign.

FOR something like a century, orthodox agriculturalists have preached that sour or acid soils must be treated with lime. Otherwise in many regions there could be no forage crops, no cattle or dairy industry, no diversification worthy of the name. For years the gospel of liming has been broadcast by the Department of Agriculture, the agricultural colleges and the farm press; and as a result a considerable acreage of acid land has been so treated. It is a method that works. It turns sour soil sweet.

But since liming is expensive and approximately 90 per cent of the cultivated soils in the United States are in some measure acid, the task has always looked pretty hopeless. It was too much like trying to bail the ocean dry with a ten-quart pail.

And so, viewing the situation realistically several years ago, the editors of the *Country Gentleman* reached a simple, but at that time heretical, conclusion: Limestone treatment, universally applied, constituted a job so colossal, so costly, that it would never be accomplished. The road to general diversification lay in another direction. What was needed was not lime and more lime, but a new forage plant that would grow on sour soil.

Strangely enough, about the time this premise was adopted as one of the tenets of editorial policy, it happened that one of our staff writers became interested in an odd leguminous plant of Asiatic origin. Its name was lespedeza. A few experiments had been run in this country, but they had received scant notice and were almost forgotten. The little evidence available, however, seemed to indicate that

He Knows Rural America

YOU will learn a lot about the folks of the soil—rural America—and about editing a magazine for them in this article, fifth in a series of articles devoted to magazines and the men who make them.

Ben Hibbs, associate editor of the *Country Gentleman* and author of the accompanying article, is an outstanding example of the younger men who are going places in journalism.

Born and reared in Kansas, he was graduated from the University of Kansas with journalism as his objective. He worked on various newspapers in Kansas and Colorado, being everything from reporter, advertising solicitor, desk man, editorial writer and managing editor. He was the editor and manager of a country weekly for a time and had a fling at teaching journalism at Hays (Kansas) State College and at the University of Kansas. His last newspaper job before turning to magazine work was as managing editor of the *Arkansas City (Kan.) Daily Traveler*.

He has been associated with the *Country Gentleman* for five and a half years. His duties there include the reading of fiction, the writing of editorials and articles such as the widely reprinted "So You Hate Truck Drivers," which appeared several months ago.

here was a crop, richly nutritious, which would grow profusely on sour land. Long a zealous believer in the policy of adapting foreign plants to our own needs, the staff writer sought the official opinion of the Department of Agriculture, found it dubious. The state colleges knew nothing of the new plant and weren't interested.

Discouraged but unwilling to give up, the writer laid his studies before the editor of the *Country Gentleman*—and won his first convert.

ALL right," the chief of staff acquiesced, "let 'em have it. We'll be going out on a limb, way out on a limb, but it's a gamble worth making. Lespedeza may be the plant America needs." I might add that the editor didn't have to warn his staff man not to crusade. He didn't have to tell him merely to set down the facts. That was understood.

I shan't elaborate on ensuing events. It is sufficient to say here that the response to the lespedeza articles was immediate and enormous. Washington was swamped with requests for seed; within a few months startling stories of what the new crop was doing drifted in; after a bit the Department of Agriculture and the state colleges were won over; acreage mounted swiftly, astonishingly. And year by year the *Country Gentleman* told the story—soon a triumphant story.

It developed presently that lespedeza was not an orphan plant, but a family of plants. The original strain had brothers, different varieties, which were adaptable to a wide range of conditions and latitudes. And there was a two-fisted cousin, lespedeza sericea, a hardy perennial which in some ways was better still. You simply analyzed your soil and your climate and took your pick. You sowed and you reaped a bountiful growth of forage and hay; you found that your stock liked this stranger from Asia, thrived on it. You rotated, planted grains and other cash crops where lespedeza had grown the year before, and got surprising yields on soil that had been almost barren. You learned also, to your delight, that lespedeza provided a beneficent covering which checked the ravages of erosion.

Approximately 4,000,000 acres in this country are now devoted to the various lespedezas, and the acreage grows steadily. Thousands of farms have been rescued by the new forage crop from the creeping paralysis of soil sterility, which, if unchecked, can have only one culmination—abandonment. Thousands of farm families have been saved the ignominy and heartbreak of losing their homes. And for the first time in agricultural history, diversification has a fighting chance on a nationwide scale.

An Article Taking You Into the Inner Office for a Chat Telling How the Country Gentleman Keeps Time with Song of the Soil

I have sketched in this fragmentary way the story of lespedeza, not because I assume readers of *THE QUILL*, will want to enrich their own back-yard plots with the Asiatic plant, but because I think it dramatizes an interesting journalistic principle. It demonstrates the difference between a crusade and a campaign of facts.

WE of the *Country Gentleman* staff have never had much faith in crusades of the semi-emotional whoop-it-up sort. We have always felt that to be didactic and oracular with our readers would be slightly assinine. We have never felt called upon to don the vestments of Moses. We don't advise or plead with our clientele.

But we do believe in the efficacy of facts.

That's how we put lespedeza across—by retailing facts. Throughout the campaign we have never urged our readers even to give the new crop a try. We have simply told what lespedeza would do, what it was doing. If the inference to plant was there, if a good many folks acted upon that inference . . . well, perhaps that was as planned.

When you work on a national magazine for rural people, you soon become aware that the land has a rhythm of its own. Outwardly, farm people and small-town people—who constitute our chief audience—are not much different from city dwellers. They go to the movies, listen to the radio, read books, take baths, smoke cigarettes, enjoy automobile trips, cuss the weather and raise hell about their taxes. The farmer's daughter has sheer stockings and a permanent wave and, if the price of hogs is right, silk panties. Yet in the country there are certain fundamental differences in the processes of thought; consequently there must be certain differences in the way a rural magazine addresses its public.

For one thing, the

farmer doesn't like to be told. Perhaps at times he is too independent for his own good. Yet when I see how the ward politicians in Philadelphia or New York or any other large city corral the populace at election time, order the voters to do this or that, my nausea is always followed quickly by a surge of pride for rural America. And I chuckle at the thought of what would happen to the political boss who ventured to tell any farmer how to cast his ballot. He'd get run off the place with a shotgun.

IT may be that herein lies one of the reasons why the agricultural missionaries from Washington and the state colleges often have had such a devilishly hard time trying to "improve the farmer." Some of them have done too much telling. At least, we are confident of this: If the *Country Gentleman* had shed tears over the plight of the farmer on sour land, had urged him to save his home and his soul with lespedeza, he probably would have used our estimable periodical to kindle the kitchen fire or perhaps for a more regrettable purpose. And that likely would have been the end of lespedeza.

Yet I don't mean to say that country folk are pig-headed. They read

carefully, usually think with a reasonable degree of logic, and they don't shy away from facts clearly and persistently presented. If they resent lofty advice, it is probably because they consider it a slur upon their own intelligence. And on this point I'm blessed if I don't think they're right.

ONE other illustration. About a year ago, viewing the grist of news in the daily press, it struck us that the Midwest had become the hot spot of the nation in so far as rural crime was concerned. Checking up, we found that small-town banks in that region were paying exactly ten times as much for holdup insurance as the same class of banks in Pennsylvania and several other eastern states. Why? Patently because the risk was ten times as great. Insurance rates are based upon a cold-blooded actuarial analysis of losses. There was other evidence, a great deal of it, of a similar nature.

Assembling still more facts, we learned that rural crime risks (small town and farm) were lowest in those states which had well established state police units. Did this mean that the elective county sheriff was an antiquated instrument of justice, that rural America needed professionals in crime detection and prevention to check the inroads of professional criminals? We thought so. In the first of a series of two articles, we told our constituency about the decay of the old system, backed up facts with figures. In the second, we dramatized the story of the state police, using the splendid Pennsylvania unit as an example—told how the troopers work, what they have accomplished. That was all. There were the facts; take 'em or leave 'em. . . .

Much to my own gratification, because it happens that I made this investigation and wrote the articles, the public seems to be taking them—the facts, I mean. The articles

APPLYING MAGAZINE PRINCIPLES TO NEWSPAPERS

WHILE the present series on magazines and their makers should prove especially valuable to those interested in magazines and magazine work, the articles contain many valuable pointers applicable to newspaper editing and publishing. For example, consider the following statements from Mr. Hibbs' article:

◆ ◆ ◆
"We believe in the efficacy of facts."

◆ ◆ ◆
"We have never had much faith in crusades of the semi-emotional whoop-it-up sort."

◆ ◆ ◆
"We don't advise or plead with our clientele."

◆ ◆ ◆
"When you work on a national magazine for rural people, you soon become aware that the land has a rhythm of its own."

◆ ◆ ◆
There are other significant quotations in the article—don't overlook them.

stirred up a lot of comment in the newspapers and brought in some encouraging mail. The Midwest is thinking now about its crime problem, and in a number of states there is active agitation for troopers. At least three midwestern commonwealths recently have established small police units, which will be expanded as more money is available.

I must not dwell longer on this point, but in closing the circuit I should like to offer the thought that the American public as a whole may not be half so dumb as the Fourth Estate sometimes assumes it to be. Given the facts and left alone, people frequently think through to rather admirable conclusions. I am sure, at least, that this is true of the 1,700,000 families served by the *Country Gentleman*.

WHEN the *Country Gentleman* first appeared on the American scene, men still bent their backs to the soil. The sickle and the cradle had not yet been supplanted by the reaper, and there was no science of agriculture. Between the Appalachians and the Sierras lay a vast land, raw and wild, waiting for the westward tides. In all of America were only 30 miles of railroad.

Three years ago the *Country Gentleman* celebrated its 100th anniversary. It came into being—as the *Genesee Farmer*—in 1831. It has grown up with the country.

To review a hundred years of history here would be pointless. I shall say only that from its very first issue the periodical has plugged for better farming methods and an improved standard of rural living; that the sweep of time has brought many changes in character, content and typography. In 1911 the magazine was purchased by the Curtis Publishing Company. In 1925 it was changed from weekly to monthly basis, with the thought that in this way our clientele could be given a more substantial and comprehensive book. This spring our slightly old-fashioned format was replaced by a modern make-up of Doric simplicity. The periodical has the same page-size and paper stock as the *Saturday Evening Post*, uses color and offers to its readers authors of national reputation.

Our editor, Philip S. Rose, is a man who has lived a lot of life. Born and reared in the big timber of Northern Michigan, he used to be as expert with the blacksnake whip and a span of oxen as he is now with the blue pencil. He knows the land's rhythm. His intellect—which, like the rest of the man, is Scotch-Irish—is lean and sinewed, yet veined with Celtic warmth. He rises to a worthy idea

with enthusiasm, and his quiet "I think this will do" is praise for which all of us work. But the luckless propagandist who wanders into his office is greeted with politely penetrating questions and a noncommittal eyebrow. One fatuous zealot who wanted to improve the human race by artificial insemination, mistaking the editor's civility for approval, pressed for an answer.

"Well, Mr. Rose," he prodded, "what do you think of my Plan?"

The chief grinned. "I think it's damned silly," he said genially.

DURING the past five years I have written articles on a wide variety of general interest subjects; but no matter what my topic, whether it be Diesel motors or the music of Bach, my first and sometimes my most valuable interview is always with the boss. With encyclopedias and other reference works available, presumably it isn't essential that an editor embrace the world in his mental background, but it is enormously convenient for the staff. And I suspect that it gives the utterances of the publication a range and an authority which otherwise might be lacking.

Mr. Rose has evolved a working formula which greatly simplifies the selection of editorial material. Everything in the book, he tells us frequently, must qualify either as *news* or *entertainment*. What meets this test is, of course, a matter of opinion. But since most of us who work on the *Country Gentleman* are of the rural places, it may be that our judgment parallels fairly closely the tastes of our readers. And as the boss is no believer in swivel-chair editing, he and other members of the staff refresh their viewpoint frequently by hobnobbing with the audience. It is a rare month indeed when the editor and his seven associates are all on the home lot.

Some years ago, when the magazine reached national proportions, with circulation in every state, it became obvious that it couldn't be primarily an instructional handbook on farming. The country was too vast, agriculture was too diverse. Besides, the job was being done by other more localized instrumentalities—the ag colleges, the county agents, the local farm press. If a grower wanted detailed information on the mechanics of spraying or the planting of potatoes, there were plenty of agencies to give it to him.

And so the *Country Gentleman* stepped into its present province of rural magazine. On our departmental pages—whose content is purchased at a considerable cost from the foremost agricultural scientists of the

country—we still get down to cases, retailing significant new developments in crops, tillage, breeding, farm engineering, horticulture and other fields. But our feature articles up front in the book deal with the larger trends of agriculture and rural life—also with a variety of subjects far removed from the barnyard.

WHEN I was gathering material for an article on commercial aviation, a couple of years ago, an official of a large transport line sat in his New York office and told me in painstaking detail how the livestock along their routes had become accustomed to the thunder of passing aircraft. Horses no longer tore down the gates when a plane flew over, cows no longer suffered nervous prostration. I listened politely, but took no notes. The official was obviously puzzled by my lack of interest.

"Tell me," he said finally, "what is to be the farm angle of this story?"

And so I made a little speech which I have recited perhaps a hundred times during my sojourn on the *Country Gentleman*.

"Mister man," I said, "rural people these days are normal human beings who are interested in the world at large. A stock broker doesn't always limit his reading to the market quotations, and a farmer frequently lifts his eyes beyond his own barbed-wire fences. So far as I know, this story is to have no farm angle."

It was a revolutionary idea, but when the aviation official finally had gulped it down, he helped me no end. Incidentally, I had some definite ideas about what I wanted for this article. Country folks knew how their livestock behaved in the presence of aircraft, but they didn't know much about certain new magic which is found in the skies nowadays. Talking with typical readers about my travels on air lines, I had mentioned the radio beam—the lane of signals which guides planes through storm and fog.

"But what the heck is a radio beam?" they invariably asked. "How does the blamed thing sound?" Always they wanted to know how it sounded, how it was formed, how the pilot followed the invisible pathway. This enduring curiosity, this thirst for specific details, is, I think, a part of the land's rhythm. Some folks may be satisfied with generalities, but not our readers. They want to know how things sound, look, feel, smell, taste—in terms that are familiar to them.

I didn't know how a radio beam sounds—Lord help me!—but I found out. Sitting in the copilot's seat on a long night flight, I listened to the shrill tootling of the confounded thing, told

our readers as plainly as I could what my eardrums said. Told them about other new-fangled wizardry of the heavens. And judging from the contents of the mail bag, I suspect they were interested.

JUST now the Navy is in the news, and the press is having a lot to say about international ratios, tonnage and similar matters. But whenever we talk with country people about the Navy, they want to know not what we think about 5-5-3, but how thick the sides of a battleship are, how fast a destroyer can go, whether it hurts the pilot's insides when his seaplane is catapulted from a moving ship. And so just the other day, we sent a staff writer voyaging on a naval cruiser, and in an early issue we expect to satisfy the detailed curiosity of a lot of folks who have never seen a body of water larger than the horse pond.

Just as we sometimes venture into other walks of life for article material, so do we often go afield for fiction. At least half of the fiction writers who aspire to our pages apparently assume that we use only stories with a rural background. We do publish some farm fiction, of course—might even use more of it if good stories of this character were not so hard to find. But we don't and shan't limit ourselves to the rural field. One of the most successful stories we ever published was an exquisitely done little piece about a waif in the slums of New York City.

The New York fiction agents tell us despairingly that we are choosy. Perhaps the accusation is justified, but we feel that we have to be rather discriminating about a few things. For example, although we admit that there is such a thing as the biological urge, we don't go along with Freud and a good many of the fictionists in their assumption that it is the only force in life worth talking about. We prefer that our story writers be not too clinical in their treatment of sex. It strikes us that this is not a matter of piety, but of taste. The *Country Gentleman* is a family periodical—with boys' and girls' departments and a comprehensive woman's section. It goes on the family reading table.

By the same token, blasphemous language is ruled out. With the exception of an occasional mild cuss word, we manage to keep our pages clear of profanity. When Old Bess plants a casual hoof in the milk pail, Uncle Luke may address her bovine ears with some terrifying coinages and startling conjugations; yet he's double-damned if he wants his youngsters to find profanity in the publications

which come into his house. And we're old-fashioned enough to believe he's right.

And, finally, the *Country Gentleman* doesn't print the ultra-sophisticated or blasé type of story. These few negations, I think, about cover our inhibitions, and with their exception we are happy to consider for the copy list any good yarn with a robust plot and characters who are not just names. We do, however, insist upon plot. The realistic segment of life which begins nowhere and ends at the same place may be literature, but our audience wants stories.

THE editor of the QUILL has asked me to indicate briefly whether our publication affords any market for the able free lance. I shall try to be strictly honest. Like and other magazine of national circulation, the *Country Gentleman* values big names and tries to have a few of them in each issue; they have an effect on circulation. If, for example, two stories or articles of similar vein and equal merit, one by an author of national reputation and one by an unknown writer, should arrive in our offices on the same day, we of course would choose the big name. But if the unknown writer turned in the better piece of copy, his offering would be accepted. As I see it, it's merely a question of making your stuff so good that editors can't bear to turn it down.

Most of our fiction is purchased on the open market, and anyone who can write a walloping good tale has a chance. About 75 per cent of our article material is written on assignment by staff members and people who work for us with some regularity. Yet even so, there is room for the new writer who can send us a superlative article which is down our street.

Several years ago, in an article which I wrote for the QUILL, I made bold to suggest that an aspiring free lance who wants to write for the *Country Gentleman* should—for his own sake and the editors'—buy a copy of the publication and see what sort of material it uses. Nobody gave me the slightest attention, but I still think it was a good idea.

If, however, you wish to contribute to the *Country Gentleman*, or any other rural magazine, I plead with you to study, for a little while at least, the steadfast people who dwell in country places. I'd almost be willing to crusade a little on this point. The tempo of the farm and small town is different—and important. Unless you feel, in some small measure, the rhythm of the land, you're bound to shoot wide of the target.

AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

(Continued from page 2)

turn pale and begin to quake at the mere suggestion that something resembling thought be put in their newspapers."

THERE were other readers who commented on THE QUILL's editorial remarks concerning the Tugwell Bill and advertising, among them Albert Todoroff, of Chicago, Ill., who said in part:

"It did my heart good to read those two editorials in the July issue of THE QUILL. Since graduating from De Pauw, I have been rather out of touch with events in Indiana and did not know about Mr. Powell's trouble in Gary until I read the editorial entitled: 'Those Private Policemen.' While editor of the De Pauw campus newspaper I had opportunity to know Mr. Powell personally. I was glad to read of his action in Gary and wish that we had some editors like him in Chicago.

"More power to Mr. Powell—and good work on that editorial and also the one about Mr. Tugwell. I agree with you thoroughly in both of them and would like to read more such material in the future."

THE QUILL's current series on magazines and magazine men seems to be making a hit with the QUILL legion, judging from remarks such as these from Richard Hirsch, of New York City, who says:

"I have enjoyed THE QUILL's series on magazines very much."

Might we add that it is a pleasure to know when articles, editorials or other matter in the magazine meets with the approbation of you readers—or your disapproval. We don't expect that every thing in every issue will be agreed with by QUILL readers—but this is a magazine of opinion, expression and comment and we believe that you will find something of interest in every issue.

For those of you who found Editor Poe's remarks of vital significance, as we did, we suggest a careful study of what Paul Hutchinson has to say in this issue. It contains plenty of things to think about.

And now to the Silver Anniversary edition.

"There is no other magazine, barring *Time*, that I read more thoroughly or regularly."—George Milburn, Oklahoma author.

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Storm Clouds on the Newspaper Horizon

(Continued from page 6)

JOURNALISM, in some way, must restore its dignity as a vocation in order to be considered as a social agency worthy of life by your disillusioned portion of the modern public. As the matter stands now its subordinates are regarded as trifling poseurs who dance on strings that are jerked from headquarters and its leaders are regarded as primarily intent in making a personal profit no matter from what unsocial or antisocial source that profit may come.

Make no mistake about this. If the suspicion as to the good faith of the newspaper and its subservience to selfish interests continues to grow at the rate at which it has been growing in the last few years, its chances for survival will be small indeed.

THE third cloud on the horizon of the newspaper future consists of its failure to deal with the expectations of what I have called the awakened members of society. I need not say much about this. There is a sense in which all that needs to be said with regard to it has been implied in what has gone before.

I trust that all of you read the speech that Mrs. Roosevelt made to the publishers in New York. She was speaking, you will remember, about the so-called women's pages in newspapers and her speech consisted of a plea to throw out the drool which now fills most such pages and put in its place material which recognizes the American woman as a thoughtful and mentally alert person.

What Mrs. Roosevelt said with regard to the women's pages I think could be said with regard to all the other pages of our newspapers.

In recent years two great illusions have taken possession of our press. The first is the belief that the newspaper is read by people with children's minds. The second is the belief that these persons are looking primarily for entertainment. I am convinced that if in producing our newspapers we persist in proceeding on the basis of these two ideas we will land straight on the dump heap where we belong.

America today is full of people who, although their information may be meager, are eager to increase that information and eager to understand the issues with which they and their associates have to deal. That is why the radio constitutes such a menace to the newspaper. It is not the radio as entertainment or as reporter of spot news that the newspaper has to fear. The

radio would constitute an even greater menace if most of its material were not pointed at the twelve-year-old mind. But when President Roosevelt takes the radio to make a clear and intelligent presentation of governmental policy to the public, he hits newspaper stock a terrific wallop because he employs the medium on the theory that he is dealing with people of intelligence.

Of course there is a place in American life for amusement and this place is likely to grow rather than diminish, but I do not believe that the newspaper can ever fill more than a small portion of this field. And as long as it goes on acting as though its primary purpose was to make itself a boon companion of the morons, the press cannot hope to be taken seriously or supported in any except the most casual manner by that portion of the public which is awake to the dangers and demands of the times.

IT seems to me, therefore, that the problem with which the newspaper ought to be concerning itself today is this problem as to how it can serve the mental necessities of the actual society that is moving out from an old order into an order that has yet to take form but that we know already will be very different from that of the past.

In this process of change the thoughtful journalist can perceive the man who is bewildered, the man who is disillusioned, and the man who responds to a new awakening. If the newspaper fails to take these three men into account it is left to draw its support from the unreasoning, the persons whose faces are turned toward the past, the groups who are doomed to play a minor part in the working out of the problems of a changing order.

We have been hearing a good deal about the need to protect the freedom of the press. To how many journalists has it occurred that there is not much use in protecting the freedom of the press unless that freedom is to be used to serve the needs of the portions of our society which are wrestling with the issues which this difficult period has thrust upon us?

A freedom of the press which the press itself interpreted as nothing more than the freedom to cultivate the moron vote, would disclose itself, when we have worked through to the other side of this period of adjustment, as having been in fact a freedom to commit suicide.

WHO «» WHAT «» WHERE

ARTHUR KOZELKA (Nebraska '33), formerly editor of the Lemont (Ill.) *Optimist-News*, is now with the City News Bureau, Chicago.

JOHN F. WOLEVER (Wisconsin '28) and FRANK L. BRUNCKHORST (Wisconsin '30) have been elected president and secretary, respectively, of the Gary (Ind.) Newspaper Guild, an affiliate of the American Newspaper Guild.

RUSSELL O. FUDGE (Missouri '33) is a candidate for election to the House of Representatives of the Texas state legislature from Wichita County. His home is in Wichita Falls.

J. W. DAVIS (Washington and Lee '30) has joined the staff of the Asheville (N. C.) *Citizen*, having resigned from the Bristol (Tenn.-Va.) *Herald Courier* in March, after three years with that paper.

HENRY BERCOWICH (Texas '18), district reporter for the Standard News Association and the New York *Daily News* in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn, died in Brooklyn March 26 after a month's

illness. He was 45 years old and had worked on many newspapers in the United States and in Honolulu and the Orient.

J. S. PARKS (Missouri Associate), president of the Times Record Co., Fort Smith, Ark., publishers of the Fort Smith *Times Record* and the *Southwest American*, was awarded an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws at the June graduation exercises of the University of Arkansas. Mr. Parks is a past president of the Southern Newspaper Publishers' Association and a director of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association.

JOHN H. DREISKE (Northwestern '28), who has been covering City Hall and other major assignments for the Detroit *Times*, has been transferred to the rewrite desk.

WALTER T. HANSON (Iowa '31), formerly a reporter for the Kearney (Neb.) *Tribune*, is now reporting for the Menominee (Mich.) *Herald-Leader*.

HUGH H. PARK and JOHN MARTIN, both graduated from the University of Georgia's School of Journalism last June,

are on the staff of the Milledgeville (Ga.) *Times*.

GEORGE MILBURN (Oklahoma '31), widely known for his novels and short stories in the *American Mercury*, *Collier's*, *Ladies' Home Journal* and other magazines, was among the winners of the tenth annual fellowship awards of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation. Normally \$2,000, the fellowships this year are adjusted to meet the needs of the individual fellows, with periods varied to meet individual needs. Milburn's fellowship is to assist him in his literary work. He sailed recently to Europe.

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L. G. BALFOUR COMPANY
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When Dillinger Died!

(Continued from page 7)

flash that the Chicago stockyards fire of May 19 was under control was obtained over the telephone by Kleckner from a packing house official. It was a clear beat. Fire Marshall Corrigan had just told the official that the fire was under control.

As Kleckner received the news, he shouted it to Night Manager Douglass, and the latter dictated the flash to the east trunk wire operator.

The Chicago fire, like Dillinger's death, came without warning. Findley was sent to the yards, augmented by many members of the City News Bureau staff; Kleckner was given the assignment of writing the running story, and Conway the leads. Within the first hour, approximately 1,200 words were moved, and by 10:30 p. m., the word count was close to 9,000.

There was only one point in the enormous coverage that failed to stand up 100 per cent. We had carried the damage estimate by Chief Corrigan at \$10,000,000. The next day insurance investigators lowered the estimate to \$8,000,000.

THE arrival of Italo Balbo and his group of sea planes at the Chicago World's Fair during the summer of 1933, was one type of story on which it was possible to lay plans in advance.

Balbo and his picturesque squadron came into Chicago from the south. It was a beautiful sight and a magnificent story of man's courage overcoming terrific odds.

One AP man was detailed to the speed boat, which accompanied host boats to the lake while Balbo and his argonauts anchored their craft. Another was sent to the south shore of Chicago's curving lake line to flash the word of arrival into the office. At the tip of Navy Pier, where the Italians were welcomed, a commercial wire was set up and two AP staffers detailed. Unfortunately, just as the staff men were ready to begin their main lead, the wire went down, and the staff in the Chicago bureau office turned out the story.

Things like these keep you on your toes in a press association bureau office.

Interpretation

News accounts of happenings in the newspaper world seldom offer more than superficial details. To the interested newspaper man that is not enough. What, he wants to know, is the story behind the news?

As the magazine of interpretation in the newspaper field, THE AMERICAN PRESS tears away the veil of superficiality, presenting the little-known, dramatic facts not apparent in the news.

To illustrate:

THE AMERICAN PRESS was the first to point out the possible threat to the freedom of the press in the early attempts to place newspapers under a code.

You'll enjoy THE AMERICAN PRESS. Subscription \$1 a year.

The American Press
225 West 39th Street
New York, N. Y.

«» AS WE VIEW IT «»

HOW LONG FOR LONG?

NEWSPAPERMEN of this country were aroused by the possible threat to the freedom of the press carried in the licensing clause of the N. R. A.—how much more should they be aroused by the current situation in Louisiana where the antics of the Dictator-Boss-Kingfish Senator Long are amazing an unbelieving nation.

In the Kingfish's step to bring the newspapers into line by the imposing of a two per cent tax on their gross receipts he made a direct attack on the freedom of the press.

What seems difficult to understand from this distance is how he can get away with the things he is doing. Is it because the newspapers of Louisiana haven't told the people of his antics, of the way in which the rest of the country views their Huey? Is it that the newspapers have lost the confidence of the people—that the populace will believe the radio mouthings of Long instead of facts in the news and editorial columns?

Whatever the condition—the Louisiana papers certainly must be awake to the situation now and fighting to checkmate the dictatorial maneuvering of Long. And it's a fight that the press of the nation should watch closely.

We might add that developments and conditions such as this demonstrate forcibly that the real job of newspapers is to serve up news, facts and opinions to its readers—to perform a job of leadership and service rather than merely entertain its readers. The newspaper readers of today want *information*—they want to *know*—and if they think their newspapers aren't giving them what they want that means lost newspaper prestige.

WHAT'S YOUR BAND SITUATION?

HAS your town a band—a real honest-to-gosh band that can play a rousing march, a good overture or serenade? Does it play weekly concerts in the summer? Has it attractive looking uniforms? A capable leader?

These are things, it seems to us, that we would be asking ourselves if we were editing a small city paper.

There's something about the music of a band that no town should be without. It's a part of every boy's heritage, or should be, that he gets to listen frequently to the music of a good band, see it in action and to trudge along the street after it. Later, he should play in it.

Folks say we are going to have more leisure one of these days—but how that will ever apply to a newspaper office we don't see. But, if there is more leisure, we hope it will bring more and better bands into being.

If you are looking around for something good to boost in your town, something in the way of community service, why not get going on a campaign this fall and winter that will put a band on your courthouse lawn or the public square or in the parks next summer for a series of concerts?

That, gentlemen of the press, is what we would call editorial enterprise of a resounding sort!

FAIR PLAY FOR THE "FRATS"

THERE is a type of newspaper and newspapermen that seemingly takes delight in heaping scorn upon the "college boy" and his "frats." And there is nothing more irritating to most student bodies than references to "college boys" and "frats" in the headlines of the daily papers.

Fraternities play an important part in the training and development of many a man in college. There are evils in the system, but we feel that the good outweighs the bad.

What we are getting around to is this—it seems to us that the names of fraternities and sororities are dragged unnecessarily into news stories at times—stories that are embarrassing to thousands of their members.

Take the recent Oklahoma case in which a pharmacy student was charged with the death of a co-ed beauty queen. Stories that went over the wires said the man was the member of such and such fraternity, the girl of a certain sorority. It doesn't seem that such a reference was entirely necessary. Of course it was something that the curious would be interested in knowing and some will see justification for the use of the organizations' names in that curiosity.

But isn't it just as logical that the papers should say that a certain drunk driver or murderer or embezzler is a member of this or that lodge if we are going to print the fraternity connection of every college student who gets into a jam?

If such a connection is vital to the story—put it in, to be sure. But if it isn't, why drag it in? It's a question of fair play on the part of the men handling the story.

AS THEY VIEW IT

EDITORS OR FLOOR-WALKERS?

IF a newspaper is to fulfill its mission, if it is to gain power and influence and command respect, the editor must do his part, but the publisher must in turn do his part. The standing and reputation of a newspaper, and in large degree its usefulness, are determined by its owner's or publisher's conception of the editorial function. If the editor is reduced to the ignoble status of a floor-walker and glad-hander for the Advertising Department, his spirit and enthusiasm may be killed, and even his respect for his own paper and his own work may be destroyed. And again if an editor is so unfairly burdened with exacting and unceasing labors that he is compelled to appropriate in one way or another the ideas, if not the words of another man, he is reduced to being a parasite or an intellectual bloodsucker. . . . Every owner, every publisher, who in miserly or merely misguided way denies his Editorial Department proper personnel and equipment should ask himself how far removed is his news-

paper from one of those bell ringers and Fuller-brush men known as Shopping News."—J. N. Heiskell, editor, the *Arkansas Gazette*.

GENUINE AMERICAN JOURNALISM

IF you want to see how a newspaper accurately mirrors the community in which it is published, don't look for it in one of our great metropolitan dailies. Instead, go to the country press—those weeklies and small dailies published in the Main Street towns which dot the map of the United States. Let your eye run down the columns of these little journals and there will rise up before you a picture of America—the real America that your father and your grandfather, and their fathers before them, knew and that still exists in spite of all the cataclysmic changes that have taken place in the world during these dizzy years since 1929."—Charles Grant, in *National Printer Journalist*.

EMPLOYERS KNOW WHERE TO GET THE BEST MEN

Time and again employers of men for every branch of journalistic work have expressed great satisfaction with the men obtained through the Personnel Bureau—and they keep asking for more men as they need them.

They know the records of the registrants are quickly available and that the right man—whether he be a trained beginner, an experienced worker or an executive—will be among the members of Sigma Delta Chi registered with the Personnel Bureau.

Employers also know that this satisfactory service is free to them.

Members of Sigma Delta Chi who register with the Personnel Bureau have their personal, education and experience records ready for immediate use when an employer calls for a man to fill a job for which they are qualified.

Do These Openings Interest You ?

Experienced sports editor and general news reporter—wanted for a medium sized daily in the northwest.

Recent college graduates trained in agricultural writing—wanted by an eastern publication. Men must be living in eastern states.

Young, aggressive publicity and promotion men—wanted by a commercial concern in a central state; opportunity for permanent connection.

Experienced publicity man—wanted by a large concern in a large north-central city.

Experienced advertising manager—to promote and solicit for a southwestern daily; local and national field.

Do YOU have your records filed with the Personnel Bureau ready for use the minute an employer calls? Perhaps your opportunity for advancement will present itself tomorrow. Send for the registration form now. Cost is only \$1.

If you are an EMPLOYER, the trained and experienced man you need will be found through the Personnel Bureau.

PERSONNEL BUREAU

of Sigma Delta Chi

Stock Yards Station

James C. Kiper, Director

Chicago, Illinois

« Puts the Right Man in the Right Place »

DO YOU BELIEVE IN ADVERTISING?

IS YOUR CONSCIENCE CLEAR when you accept money for the space you sell to an advertiser—or have you no conscience?

Do you honestly think that you are selling him something of value—or is it merely a matter of hooking another fish?

If you do believe that in selling advertising you are doing something worthy for your customer you must believe that he is buying something of value—and that you are selling something of merit.

Now—how about taking some of that good medicine yourself?

You feel that you are an honest man in selling this commodity, and that it is good judgment on the part of the advertiser to buy the space. Then it is equally good judgment on your part to spend some of your money for space in a dominant medium like EDITOR & PUBLISHER to proclaim the merit of your service.

EDITOR & PUBLISHER space is the best space for you to use.

Your advertising should be regularly in the columns of EDITOR & PUBLISHER whether you employ any other medium or not—and for the following reasons:

EDITOR & PUBLISHER, editorially speaking, deals in information regarding daily newspapers and their activities. There is never any editorial content to discount your claim that the daily newspaper is the great primary medium for advertising. Your advertising has one hundred per cent editorial cooperation—something you will not find in any other trade publication, and something that has a distinct value to you.

EDITOR & PUBLISHER reaches advertising men—buyers of space.

EDITOR & PUBLISHER has important information for them, and is read, week by week, by National advertisers, advertising agency executives and people who buy advertising. Why? Because they have a dollars and cents interest in daily newspaper advertising and EDITOR & PUBLISHER gives them more information about newspapers than they can obtain elsewhere.

An individualized campaign, selling your individual market will reflect added business for you—and will help emphasize the individual market idea.

Let us help you plan an advertising campaign that will prove profitable for all of us.

Write and ask for particulars.

EDITOR & PUBLISHER

A newspaper for newspaper and advertising men.

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